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Book and Job Printing

EXECUTED WITH SPEED AND DESPATCH.

## POETRY.

From Morris's National Press.

FUNERAL HYMN.

BY GEORGE F. MORRIS.

"Max dieth and wasteth away,  
And where is he?"—"Mark!" from the skies,  
I hear a voice answer and say  
"The spirit of man never dies;  
His body which came from the earth,  
Must mingle again with the dust,  
But his soul, which in heaven had birth,  
Returns to the bosom of God."

No terror has death, or the grave,  
To those who believe in the Lord—  
We know the redeemer can save,  
And lean on the faith of his word;  
While ashes to ashes, and dust  
We give unto dust, in our gloom,  
The light of salvation, we trust,  
Is sung like a lamp in a tomb.

The sky will be burnt as a scroll,  
The earth, wrapt in flames, will expire;  
But, freed from all shackles, the soul  
Will rise in the midst of the fire.  
Then, brothers, mourn not for the dead,  
Who rest from their labors, forgiven;  
Learn this from your Bible instead:  
The grave is the gate-way to heaven.

Oh Lord God Almighty! to Thee  
We turn as our solace above;  
The waters may fail from the sea,  
But not from Thy fountain of love;  
Oh teach us Thy will to obey,  
And sing with one heart and accord;  
"The Lord gives—the Lord takes away,  
And praised be the name of the Lord."

## REUNION IN HEAVEN.

BY WM. F. LEOGERT.

If you bright stars that gem the night  
Be each a blissful dwelling sphere,  
Where kindred spirits re-unite,  
Whom death hath torn asunder here;  
How sweet it were once to die,  
And leave this blighted orb afar;  
Mixed soul and soul to cleave the sky,  
And soar away from star to star.

But O, how dark, how dreary and lone,  
Would seem the brightest world of bliss,  
If wandering through each radiant one,  
We fail to find the loved of this;  
If there no more the ties shall twine,  
That death's cold hand shall coldly sever;  
Ah! then these stars in mockery shine,  
More hateful as they shine forever.

It cannot be—each hope, each fear,  
That lights the eye, or clouds the brow,  
Proclaims there is a happier sphere,  
Than this black world that holds us now;  
There is a voice which sorrow hears,  
When heaviness weighs life's galling chain;  
'Tis Heaven that whispers—dry thy tears,  
'Tis pure in heart shall meet again!

## THIS STORY TALKER.

From the Philadelphia Saturday Post.

## MARRIED IN A JEST;

OR,

## THE TABLE TURNED ON A PRACTICAL JOKER.

BY J. AUSTIN SPERRY.

"Delilah Moore! Delilah Moore! you'll be caught in your own trap some day. Oh, you'll change your tune, I'll warrant. You'll play a joke, some of these times, that will be a sorry joke for you; and old as I am, I'll live to see it, too."

But little did Delilah heed the warning shake of the finger, or the awfully prophetic words of Aunt Marcia, as she danced around the room in an ecstasy of fun, holding her graceful sides and filling the house with the merry music of her laughter. And what, think you, was the occasion of her extravagant mirth? Why, she had caught her aunt Marcia comportedly dozing to her rocking chair, and we doubt whether a drowning man ever caught more eagerly at a straw than did the mercurial girl at one which lay, suggestive of sly mischief, upon the floor. Moving on tip-toe to the back of the old lady's chair, she extended the straw, and tickled her aged cheek the least bit in the world. Aunt Marcia gave her head a shake, as if to dislodge a saucy fly, and Delilah compressed her pretty red lips, to restrain her merriment. The straw was again applied, and the old lady raised her head quickly, but without opening her eyes to brush away the annoyance. A third time was the provoking titillation repeated, when Aunt Marcia, though not a passionate woman, began to lose patience at the pertinacity of the supposed insect in disturbing her repose, and, in mere self-defence, resolved upon its destruction. Accordingly she raised her hand cautiously to within some six or eight inches of her face, and then brought it suddenly down with such force as to leave the red marks of her fingers there, and cause her cheek to tingle with the pain. Delilah could contain herself no longer, but fairly screamed with delight while her aunt, thus made a

ware of the source of the annoyance, with ominous gravity delivered the speech above quoted.

Lively as a cricket, and quite as noisy, was Delilah Moore. She was very pretty, too—in deed, bewitching. Auburn hair that floated in ringlets of gossamer lightness about the softest and fairest cheeks—light blue eyes, a light step, and a lighter heart, and rosy lips, that smiled incessantly, even in sleep—ah! what a little lump of mischievous sweetness she was! But she was most incorrigibly addicted to practical joking. I dare say there was not an individual in the village, who had not, at some time or other, been a victim of this propensity of hers; and yet nobody could be seriously angry with her. Very nervous people were afraid of her, but fond of her too; and by such she was treated something after the fashion in which children treat a playful kitten—fondled, and careful, but always with due respect to her claws.

Many a village youth addressed her, but she proved a will-o-the-whip to her wooers. She was never serious long enough to hear a proposal, so that most of them soon wearied in the butterfly-chase she led them. But even a butterfly is caught sometimes; and it is not to be supposed that Delilah could rove forever free. Her mother often said that just in proportion as she teased and annoyed and ridiculed particular persons, she loved them; and if this was a true criterion young Walter Lake must have possessed a very large share of her affections; for if there was any one she delighted to plague, and play tricks on more than another it was himself.

Walter was the son of one of the most wealthy and respectable farmers in the country, and was steadily pursuing the profession of law, in the village. He was one of her earliest admirers and had persevered in his addresses, when his more faint-hearted rivals gave up the seemingly vain pursuit; and yet, even with a clear field his endeavors to "bring her to the mark," seemed hopeless; and he, too, was beginning to despair, when a little accident, with a little ruse, betrayed the little castle of her heart which he had been so long besieging, into his hands.

He was walking in the garden with Delilah one evening, striving desperately to bring about a little bit of serious conversation, which she, with equal perseverance, evaded, by bursts of merriment and strokes of ridicule, when one of her frisky movements brought her foot into collision with a large beam, standing upright, receiving very precarious support from the bough of a tree which overhung the walk. It toppled over, and Walter, in the effort to shield her, caught the whole weight of the blow upon his right arm. It occasioned but a slight bruise, but perceiving the alarm which Delilah's features instantly exhibited, he turned the affair to good account, by affecting to be seriously hurt.

Of all people, those of a sanguine temperament have the quickest sympathies, and are the least able to control their emotions, whether of pleasure or pain. Delilah for once became as grave and serious as a judge, while her blue eyes swam with tears of unalloyed distress. Walter did not neglect the favorable moment to draw her almost unconsciously into an exposition of her real sentiments towards himself, and such a sweet and unreserved confession of love rewarded the stratagem, as made him inwardly bless the carelessness which had elevated the old timber stick to its neck-breaking attitude.

Delilah was fairly beaten at her own weapons. Almost ere she had time to think, she had exchanged vows and pledged her faith irrevocably. In the moments of delicious embarrassment which succeeded, the accident that had brought the tender scene about, was quite forgotten; and when she did recall the accident to mind, she was surprised to find that her lover's injured arm had, for the last five minutes, been circling her little waist with an affectionate vigor that was perfectly unnatural to a fractured limb.

"Oh you vile fellow!" she exclaimed, breaking suddenly away from him, with a return to her accustomed levity; "it was fair—it's too bad to be cheated so; but won't I pay you for this the next time I catch you—trust me for that! and half-piqued at the ruse, yet highly delighted with its result, she tripped away to the house, leaving him alone among the flowers, to reflect upon the happy adventure.

It might be supposed that, now Delilah was engaged, the prospect of some day assuming the responsibilities of a wife, would make her more staid—more sedate and dignified. But not so; she was wilder, and more mischievous than ever. Just in proportion as her happiness was increased, her propensity for practical joking was increased also. The very next evening she succeeded in retaliating upon her lover the cheat he had practiced. Some friends were passing the evening with her, and a merry party she made it, with her fun and frolic. When it was nearly time for her company to withdraw, a little dispute arose between her and Walter, as to the precise hour.

"It's near eleven o'clock," said he.  
"No," she returned, "scarce ten."  
"What you say?" asked he, playfully.  
"A Quaker tip," was the ready reply.  
"Done! done!"

"The bargain was scarcely thus closed, when the shrill tones of the old clock in the hall, tolled ten."

"There, I've won!" exclaimed Delilah.  
"Fairly won," answered Walter, but without manifesting any disposition to liquidate the debt.  
"Well, cried his little sweetheart, in a tone of sly inquiry, 'and you going to pay up?'"

Walter was staggered. However happy he might have been to pay the Quaker tip, (a coin with which the reader is doubtless familiar,) at a more fitting and private opportunity, he was mortified at her seeming want of modesty to demand

it in presence of so many witnesses, notwithstanding the light had been sent out of the room a moment previous.

"Why, how can I find you in the dark?" he stammered.

"A pretty excuse, indeed! Here I am, behind the table, ready to meet you half way over it; and if it's dark, so much the better—I need be at no pains to hide my blushes."

While the company were electrified at this unlooked for forwardness, Walter's gallantry, unable to withstand a second appeal, urged him reluctantly to the table, when a loud and unequivocal buzz, testified that the forfeit was duly and fully paid.

"Bring a light! bring a light, Ellen Smith!" cried Delilah, almost choking with laughter. The young lady addressed, anticipating sport of some kind, was not slow to comply, and upon her appearance with a light there stood the fun-loving girl, her fair fingers clenching tightly the great ears of her woolly-headed negro maid, whose ebony features were thus held across the table in the precise spot Walter had approached to pay the lost tip. Two rows of grinning ivory betrayed the delight with which Molly participated in the jest. Of course, the confused lover was greeted with convulsions of laughter, which he, with a lame grace, was forced to join in, while, at the same time, he made an instinctive manifestation of disgust, by applying his handkerchief to his mouth. The cream of the joke, however, Delilah alone enjoyed. While she had determined to turn the laugh upon Walter, she had no notion of being defrauded of her dues—but had in reality received the kiss herself.

Months passed on, and Delilah continued the same provoking, pretty, bewitching, mischievous little mad-cap as ever, with the exception that her jokes were not altogether as harmless as formerly, but became more seriously annoying in their character. To be sure she never occasioned pain to others, that she did not bitterly lament it and sorrow over inconsiderateness with penitence that was truly sincere—while it lasted. But the rebound of her feelings was always in proportion to the grief—which at the moment oppressed them and she was no sooner done mourning for the consequences of one excess, than she was guilty of a greater. Her mother scolded, her father threatened, and her lover entreated, but all alike ineffectually. The latter, indeed, sometimes thought seriously of giving her up entirely, for his judgment whispered to him that it would be impossible to live in harmony with such a mixture of mischief and caprice; but somehow his heart in the other scale always kicked the beam against his reason, and he could not master resolution to forsake her. Apart from her unfortunate peculiarity, she possessed every charm that was desirable in a woman; and Walter preached himself into forbearance, and lived along in the hope that she would some day see the impropriety of her conduct, and settle down finally to love, honor, and obey, in sober earnestness, as a sensible woman should.

In the meantime, the various members of Delilah's family, who were kept in a continual ferment by her eccentricities, held an indignation meeting, at which, after due deliberation, it was resolved that she must be cured, and her worthy uncle, the doctor, was entrusted with the case. "So, uncle, you have undertaken to cure my—what do you call the affection?—oh, I have it!—morbid propensity for joking!" exclaimed Delilah, as she tripped into his office the day after the holding of the family council.

"Kill or cure, you jocos—that's my maxim," returned the Doctor tartly, without taking his eyes from the paper upon which he was indicating a prescription.

"La! what a dear barbarous old uncle you are! But I hope you will adopt the homoeopathic treatment in my case."

"Homoeopathy be hanged!" The Doctor was intolerant of all innovations.

"I am quite taken with homoeopathy of late," continued Delilah; "I believe in the doctrine that like, and I won't be treated by any other system."

"Suppose we compromise it sauce-box," said the Doctor, peering over his spectacles with a twinkling of his small round eyes that meant more than he chose to utter; "suppose we compromise it, and say a homoeopathic remedy in allopathic proportions."

"Good! good!" exclaimed his merry niece; "I'll be your patient forever!"

The Doctor shook his head menacingly, and left his seat to rummage his book-shelves for a volume which he just then had occasion for. Delilah, so soon as his back was turned, slipped into his chair, unfolded the prescription which he had just written, and found it to read thus:

Rx—Argent. nit. gr. x.

Aquae dist. zig-zag.

With a scalpel which lay upon the table, the incorrigible girl dexterously erased some of the letters, and then with a pen interpolating others—a task which the Doctor's sprawling and disconnected crotchography rendered quite easy—soon altered the reading to the following form:

Rx—A gent. in kid gloves.

Agreeably disposed. Marry immediately.

When the Doctor resumed his seat, the altered prescription was carefully refolded and returned to its place—while Delilah, in another chair, was buried in the perusal of the last Gazette. A few minutes afterwards a servant made his appearance, and the prescription was placed in his hands, with directions to deliver it to Miss Olivia Afterprime. Miss Olivia, by the way, was a young maiden with a year or two on the fair side of fifty and of excessively tender sensibilities.

The door had scarce closed after the servant, ere Delilah's pent up laughter burst forth. The Doctor started as if he had received an electric

shock. Knowing that those merry sounds portended mischief, his first impulse was to carry his hand to his head to make sure his wig was there; his next, to examine the skirts of his coat to see that no quizzing label was pinned to them. Finding his person exempt from the trick, whatever it might be, he turned to his niece with as much austerity as he could assume—for it was almost impossible to resist the contagion of her merriment—and said, approaching her with a demonstration of resolute sternness—

"Get you gone, graceless! You've been at some of your mischief again!"

"De! lah, in unrestrained glee, scampered from the house, which was adjoining, and was soon engaged in poking new fun at her aunt. The Doctor, in the mean-while, commenced a diligent search of the office for the cause of her amusement. While he was thus engaged, his servant returned with the altered prescription, which solved the mystery. Miss Olivia Afterprime had, in high gone into convulsions at sight of it, and in towering indignation, had sent immediately to employ another physician. Whether the Doctor was greatly grieved at the loss of his patient does not appear—but certain it is, that he inwardly vowed vengeance upon Delilah. Putting his hat over his eyes, and burying his hands deep in his pockets, he hurried forth to agitate a plot retributive.

When the Doctor returned to dinner, and found his niece at the table—there was a complacency in the air, and a sort of anticipated triumph in the twinkling of his eye, which seemed to say—"ah! I find, I have thee!"—No other allusion, direct or indirect, was made to the jest of the morning—if we except a sly smile that lurked in the corners of Delilah's mouth, as she suspended her knife and fork to glance roguishly into her uncle's face. Dinner concluded, she ran up stairs to get her bonnet to go home. She lingered a few minutes at the toilet to arrange her curls. This done, she turned to leave the chamber, but found it was "no go"—for the door had been quietly closed, and the key turned upon the outside.

"Solo!" said she to herself, "I'm to be kept prisoner here till tea time, as a punishment for my trick. Ha! ha! what a retaliation! His vengeance hath this extent—no more! Bless his good natured pate!"

Quite contented with her *durance*, she took up a book, and seated herself by the open window. Her eyes soon wandered from its pages, however, and her attention was caught by "metal more attractive" without. In the piazza, at the rear of the hotel—which was just opposite, and divided from the doctor's residence only by the small yard attached to either building—stood a stranger who was leaning forward in an attitude of intense admiration, gazing at Delilah through his eye glass. He was dressed in the top of the mode—with long black hair, most fastidiously combed and curled; whiskers of a length and luxurians that would have done no discredit to a Moslem, a moustache of elegant proportions; and what contributed to make his appearance eminently ridiculous, his eye-glass was applied over a pair of green spectacles. Although his air and manner was so decidedly *Frenchified* that there was no mistaking his nationality.

Delilah, ever on the alert for making sport, ran to the closet, brought forth a telescope, and resting it upon the window sill, applied it to her eye, and brought it to bear upon the queer stranger. Monsieur no sooner perceived himself the subject of her inspection, than he began making a most extravagant display of his admiration by gesticulating violently—laying his hands upon his heart, clasping them before his face, bending one knee, in an attitude of imploring adoration—and waiting for her on the tips of his fingers numberless fervent kisses.

"The impudent fool," exclaimed our little quiz, astonished, as well as amused at the man's conduct—"but I'll punish his impertinence, and give my uncle the slip at the same time."

Tearing the fly leaf from the book she had at first been engaged with, she scribbled upon it with her pen the following note:

"Oh! gentle Monsieur: I am locked up here by a cruel uncle. Fly to rescue me from this terrible imprisonment. There is a ladder in the yard, and you can easily elevate it to the window. Set me free, and you will be entitled to the eternal gratitude of the unhappy Prisoner."

Folding this paper with the thimble inside, she threw it over into the hotel yard. The Frenchman darted forward, caught it, pressed it eagerly to his lips, and opened it.

By this time several of the inmates of the hotel, male and female, and all intimates of Delilah's, the host himself being a relative of her father's—had crowded into the piazza, and were interested in watching the proceedings. The Frenchman, as soon as he had perused the billet-doux, cleared the fence at a bound; speedily elevated the ladder he found there to the window, and stood holding it firm for the gay little beauty's descent. She had no intention of exposing the prettiest foot and ankle in the village, to Monsieur's ardent gaze; but after thanking him a thousand times for his gallantry, bade him to return to the hotel, where she would soon join him to express her gratitude more fully.

"I have ver' much honor to obey Mademoiselle!" bowing humbly, he marched off, turning at every other step to kiss his fingers to her, and not neglecting in his passage to wrench a board from the fence, thus removing every obstacle to Mademoiselle's escape. Delilah now descended and followed him.

"You see, Monsieur, it has not taken me long to join you," said she when she reached the piazza. "Oui, Ma'moiselle; I shall have ver' large happiness if it will be no more to part."

"Ah, you are so modest," answered Delilah.

The Frenchman bowed very low in acknowledgment; and Delilah's friends here united their voices in commendation of his gallantry declaring that she could do no less, in pure gratitude, than reward the deliverer with her hand.

Perceiving from their merry glances that the company was ripe for fun, and considered the impudent stranger as a fair butt, the giddy girl exclaimed, addressing the landlord—

"Bring a broom, cousin Jack, and let me prove my gratitude to Monsieur by jumping the broomstick with him!"

"Jump the broomstick with Count de Laphinstank!" answered the good humored landlord, with a wink; "no; no; my little coz, we'll manage it better. Here's a young friend of mine, pointing to a young traveller, a recent guest who stood by, 'can play parson for the nonce, and I'll furnish a feast gratis.'"

"But Monsieur has not signified his pleasure yet," said Delilah, with a glance at the Count.

"Oh," exclaimed the latter, "I have so much pleasure I cannot express."

"Very good," said cousin Jack, "just take your places; and let the ceremony proceed."

The Count begged a few moments' delay, for the purpose of providing himself with a white vest which he declared indispensable. Leave being granted, he entered the house to make the proposed improvement in his toilet, and the young man who had been called upon to officiate followed him to procure, he said, a dictionary or a prayer book to read the service from. They returned together in about ten minutes; the mock ceremony was performed, and they were pronounced man and wife.

"Now Madame," said the Count, with a slight assumption of lordly authority; "my coach is waiting in de street—we must make de journey to my palace in de country."

"Not so fast, Monsieur; I believe in your country married people very frequently do not live together, and as I am now a French woman I shall adopt French customs."

"Pardonnez moi, Madame—ven de Frenchman come in de republicque, he do as de republicans."

"We will discuss that question at another time," said Delilah, "for the present, dear Monsieur, adieu!"

The Count remonstrated vehemently in bad English, and with ludicrously passionate gesticulations. Delilah laughed merrily, adjusting her bonnet and went home; flattering herself that she had sufficiently punished his impudence by making him the ridiculous hero of a joke.

It was about six o'clock the same evening that a servant tapped at the door of Delilah's chamber and delivered a message from her father, requiring her presence in the library. Shaking off her drowsiness, for she had just been indulging a short nap, she hurried down to the library, where she found her father and mother, Dr Moore and aunt Marcia, assembled in solemn council. "There was a something in the solemn silence of the group and the awful gravity upon the features, that filled her with an unpleasant foreboding as she timidly inquired her father's will."

"Your folly, Delilah, has at length involved you in a serious difficulty," said the old man, in a tone of mingled sorrow and feigned.

"You would not heed my warnings," added aunt Marcia, "and now you will feel the consequences."

"I have been expecting it," chimed in her mother, "I have all along been in continued dread that she would bring some punishment upon herself."

"Countess Delilah de Laphinstank!" broke from the Doctor with sarcastic bitterness, "a pretty laughing-stock, truly, you have made of yourself for the rest of your days. You have saved me the trouble of giving you a homoeopathic dose in allopathic proportions—you have prepared yourself one that cannot fail to cure."

"What in the world can be the meaning of all this?" inquired Delilah, uncertain whether they were speaking in sober earnestness, or had formed a little plot to terrify her.

"That foolish marriage ceremony," resumed the father.

"Was a very innocent joke," interrupted the daughter.

"I hope it may prove so," said the old man, shaking his head gravely, "but at present it wears a very serious appearance."

"Ah, father," exclaimed Delilah, throwing her arms around his neck, with a gay smile, "you are only trying to frighten me."

Her father bit his lip and knit his brow in the effort to keep up the sternness which the carresses of his mischievous pet were fast dissipating and she, gazing her arms, referred her to her uncle.

"You have carried your joke too far, this time, niece," said the doctor; "the Frenchman turned the table on you. Under the pretence of changing his vest it seems he slipped down to the clerk's office and procured a license; the young man who officiated was a regularly ordained minister; the ceremony, although you went through with mock ceremony, was in the form, and as you are of age, the marriage is perfectly valid—Your husband has already instituted legal proceedings, to compel your father to give you up, and the case is to have a private hearing before Squire Playfair to-morrow."

"Oh, uncle, you are jesting surely," said Delilah, the tears springing into her eyes.

"You judge others by yourself, niece; but I have spoke the truth seriously."

It would be impossible to describe the violence of the girl's grief, when convinced of the reality of the Doctor's statement. Her parents appeared to console her, but made no effort to console her, nor held out any hope of escaping from the doom she had so inconsiderately brought



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Figure 1 illustrates the experimental setup. A subject is seated at a table, viewing a video screen. A camera is positioned above the screen. A target is located on the screen. A horizontal line is drawn on the screen, representing the starting position of the hand. The distance between the hand and the target is labeled as 'Distance'. The distance between the hand and the video screen is labeled as 'Distance'.

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